No. 20. PRICE SIXPENCE. APRIL 13.

The Last Chronicle of Barset

BY

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

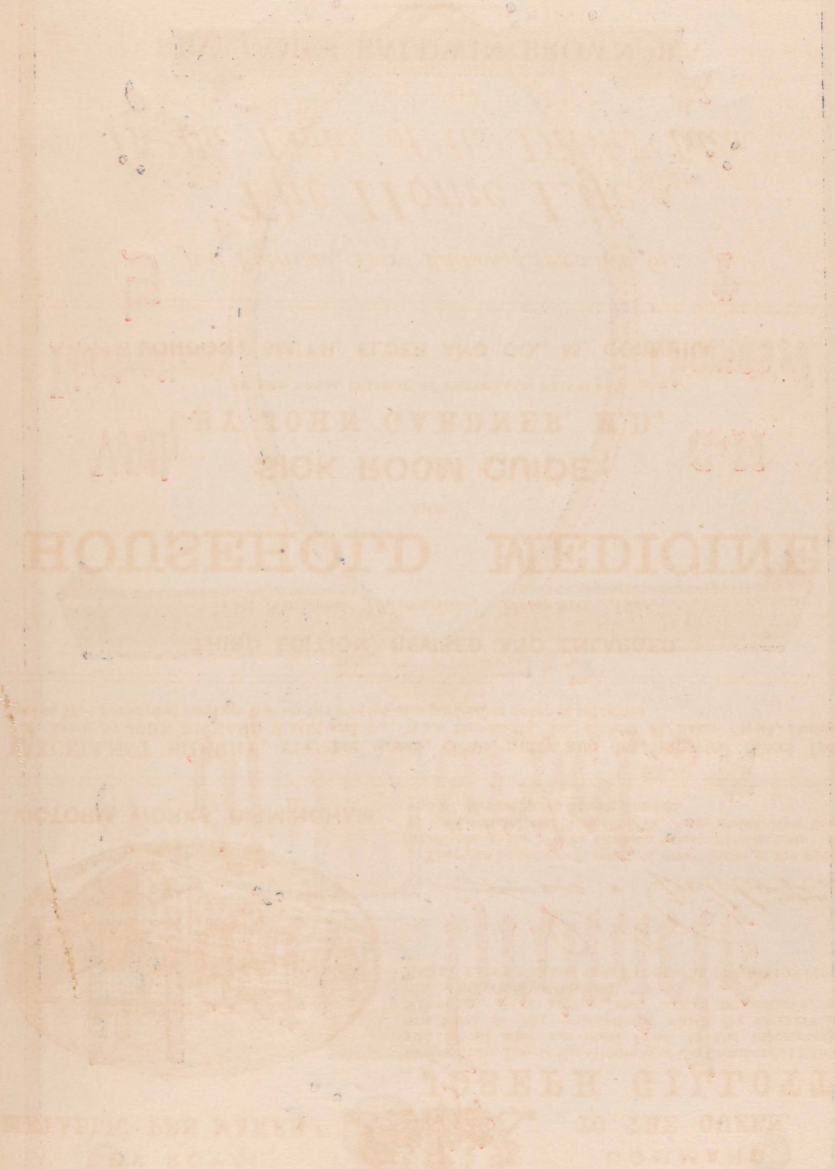
With Illustrations by G. H. Thomas

SMITH, ELDER, & Co.

65. CORNHILL.

E.C

[The right of Translation is reserved.]



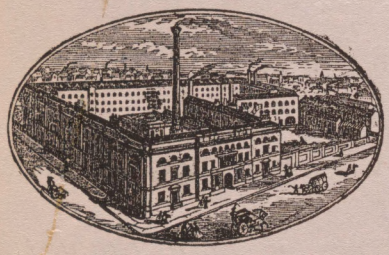
BY ROYAL
METALLIC PEN MAKER

COMMAND
TO THE QUEEN.

JOSEPH GILLOTT

Respectfully directs the attention of the Commercial Public, and of all who use Steel Pens, to the incomparable excellence of his productions, which for QUALITY OF MATERIAL, EASY ACTION, and GREAT DURABILITY, will ensure universal preference.

EVERY PACKET BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE OF HIS SIGNATURE



VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

They can be obtained, retail, of every dealer in the world; wholesale at the Works, Graham Street, Birmingham; and at the Branch Establishments, 91, John Street, New York; and 37, Gracechurch Street, London.

EXCELLENT SHERRY, 21*s.* per dozen, clean, nutty, and dry, imported direct from Xeres, by JOHN RICHARD WACE and Co., Wine Merchants, &c., 45 and 46, Baker Street, Portman Square, W. Forwarded carriage free on the receipt of a post-office order or reference.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

With Numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12*s.*

HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE,

AND

SICK ROOM GUIDE;

BY JOHN GARDNER, M.D.,

OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, EDINBURGH.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

Just Published, Third Edition, Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

The Home Life
In the Light of its Divine Idea.

BY THE

REV. JAMES BALDWIN BROWN, B.A.

By the same author. Third Edition, Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

The
Soul's Exodus and Pilgrimage.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

SMITH, ELDER AND CO.

Mr. Wynyard's Ward. By Holme Lee, Author of "Sylvan Holt's Daughter," &c. Two volumes. Post 8vo.

The Life, Letters, and Speeches of Lord Plunket. By his Grandson, the Hon. David Plunket. With an Introductory Preface by Lord Brougham, and a Portrait. Two volumes. Demy 8vo. 28*s.*

Turkey and the Crimean War. By Rear-Admiral Sir Adolphus Slade, K.C.B. Demy 8vo. 15*s.*

THE FOURTH VOLUME OF

The Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

Scientific Guide to Switzerland. By J. R. Morell, Formerly One of H.M.'s Inspectors of Schools. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo.

The Sporting Rifle and its Projectiles. By Lieut. James Forsyth, Bengal Staff Corps. Second Edition, Re-written and Enlarged. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Clergy and the Pulpit in their Relations to the People. By M. L'Abbé Isidore Mullois, Chaplain to the Emperor Napoleon III., and Missionary Apostolic. Translated by George Percy Badger, late Chaplain in the Diocese of Bombay, author of "The Nestorians and their Rituals." Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

Sir Charles Wood's Administration of Indian Affairs. From 1859 to 1866. By Algernon West, Deputy Director of Indian Military Funds, and lately Private Secretary to the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wood, Bart., M.P., G.C.B., and the Earl de Grey and Ripon. Demy 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Recollections and Anecdotes of the Camp, the Court, and the Clubs, at the Close of the Last War with France. By Captain Gronow. New Edition, comprising the First and Second Series in one volume. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

Celebrities of London and Paris. Being a Third Series of Reminiscences and Anecdotes of the Camp, the Court, and the Clubs. Containing a Correct Account of the Coup d'Etat. By Captain Gronow. With Coloured Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

Capt. Gronow's Last Recollections. Being the Fourth and Final Volume of his Anecdotes and Reminiscences. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

NEW WORKS—continued.

The Life of Goethe. By George Henry Lewes. New Edition, partly Re-written. One volume. 8vo. With Portrait. 16*s.*

Aristotle; a Chapter from the History of Science. With Analyses of Aristotle's Scientific Writings. By George Henry Lewes. Demy 8vo. 15*s.*

William Hogarth; Painter, Engraver, and Philosopher. Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time. By George Augustus Sala. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Edited by His Eldest Son. With Portrait. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Correspondence of Leigh Hunt. Edited by His Eldest Son. With Photographic Portrait. Two volumes. Post 8vo. 24*s.*

Life of Charlotte Bronte. By Mrs. Gaskell. With Portrait. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

*** *Cheaper Edition, Fcap. 8vo, cloth, gilt edges,* 3*s.* 6*d.*; *half morocco,* 6*s.*

The History and Life of the Rev. Doctor John Tauler, of Strasbourg; with Twenty-five of his Sermons (*temp.* 1340). Translated from the German, with Additional Notices of Tauler's Life and Times, by Susanna Winkworth; and a Preface, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley. Fcap. 4to. Cloth 7*s.* 6*d.*; calf extra, 12*s.* 6*d.*; calf antique, 14*s.*; morocco, 17*s.* 6*d.*

The Inferno of Dante. Translated in the Metre of the Original. By the Rev. James Ford, M.A., Prebendary of Exeter. Crown 8vo 10*s.* 6*d.*

(The Italian Text is printed on the opposite pages of the Translation for the Use of Students.)

The Early Italian Poets. From Ciullo D'Alcamo to Dante Alighieri. (1100, 1200, 1300.) Together with Dante's "Vita Nuova." Translated by D. G. Rossetti. Crown 8vo. 12*s.*

A Century of Painters of the English School. With Critical Notices of their Works, and an Account of the Progress of Art in England. By Richard Redgrave, R.A., (Surveyor of Her Majesty's Pictures, and Inspector-General for Art,) and Samuel Redgrave. Two vols. Demy 8vo. 32*s.*

On Shakspeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible. With Vignette Illustrations. Second Edition, Enlarged. Crown 8vo. Elegantly bound, 6*s.*; with gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Just Published, Demy 8vo, cloth. Price 10s.

THE FIRST VOLUME OF

The Last Chronicle of Barset.

BY

ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

With Sixteen Illustrations by GEORGE H. THOMAS.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

Just Published, Second Edition, Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d.

The Village on the Cliff.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF ELIZABETH."

With Six Illustrations by FREDERICK WALKER.

"It is a simple, honest story, finely conceived, and well worked out in all its parts, containing some excellent bits of chaste and trenchant writing, rich in its compact descriptions of people and places, and of everyday customs; thought lies between the lines, and most of all the book is to be praised for the wholesome fashion in which, without moralizations or any sort of inartistic effort, good things everywhere make themselves to be felt as good, and bad things as bad."—*Examiner.*

"The author of *The Story of Elizabeth*, like all other writers of true genius, creates for herself the school of art in which she excels. The two stories have a subtle and delicate beauty of their own, which is like nothing else as yet in the work of our English novelists."—*Spectator.*

"*The Village on the Cliff* will fully sustain the reputation won by *The Story of Elizabeth*. It is marked by the same subtle analysis of character, the same clear insight into thoughts, feelings, and motives, the same power of depicting the mental growth and development of the personages. The story is simple, and reflects in its tender pathos and unobtrusive sentiment the reality of life. There is no meretricious straining after effect. The imagination is soothed by the charms of a style that suggests more than it says. . . . The delicacy of touch, and the artistic skill that are able to produce, without apparent effort, the exact mental impression that is desired, are very characteristic of the authoress."—*Imperial Review.*

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

Mrs. Dobbs Broughton piles her Fagots.

CHAPTER LI.

MRS. DOBBS BROUGHTON PILES HER FAGOTS.

THE picture still progressed up in Mrs. Dobbs Broughton's room, and the secret was still kept, or supposed to be kept. Miss Van Siever was, at any rate, certain that her mother had heard nothing of it, and Mrs. Broughton reported from day to day that her husband had not as yet interfered. Nevertheless, there was in these days a great gloom upon the Dobbs Broughton household, so much so that Conway Dalrymple had more than once suggested to Mrs. Broughton that the work should be discontinued. But the mistress of the house would not consent to this. In answer to these offers, she was wont to declare in somewhat mysterious language, that any misery coming upon herself was matter of moment to nobody, —hardly even to herself, as she was quite prepared to encounter moral and social death without delay, if not an absolute physical demise; as to which latter alternative, she seemed to think that even that might not be so far distant as some people chose to believe. What was the cause of the gloom over the house neither Conway Dalrymple nor Miss Van Siever understood, and to speak the truth Mrs. Broughton did not quite understand the cause herself. She knew well enough, no doubt, that her husband came home always sullen, and sometimes tipsy, and that things were not going well in the City. She had never understood much about the City, being satisfied with an assurance that had come to her in early days from her friends, that there was a mine of wealth in Hook Court, from whence would always come for her use, house and furniture, a carriage and horses,

dresses and jewels, which latter, if not quite real, should be manufactured of the best sham substitute known. Soon after her brilliant marriage with Mr. Dobbs Broughton, she had discovered that the carriage and horses, and the sham jewels, did not lift her so completely into a terrestrial paradise as she had taught herself to expect that they would do. Her brilliant drawing-room, with Dobbs Broughton for a companion, was not an elysium. But though she had found out early in her married life that something was still wanting to her, she had by no means confessed to herself that the carriage and horses and sham jewels were bad, and it can hardly be said that she had repented. She had endeavoured to patch up matters with a little romance, and then had fallen upon Conway Dalrymple,—meaning no harm. Indeed, love with her, as it never could have meant much good, was not likely to mean much harm. That somebody should pretend to love her, to which pretence she might reply by a pretence of friendship,—this was the little excitement which she craved, and by which she had once flattered herself that something of an elysium might yet be created for her. Mr. Dobbs Broughton had unreasonably expressed a dislike to this innocent amusement,—very unreasonably, knowing, as he ought to have known, that he himself did so very little towards providing the necessary elysium by any qualities of his own. For a few weeks this interference from her husband had enhanced the amusement, giving an additional excitement to the game. She felt herself to be a woman misunderstood and ill-used; and to some women there is nothing so charming as a little mild ill-usage, which does not interfere with their creature comforts, with their clothes, or their carriage, or their sham jewels; but suffices to afford them the indulgence of a grievance. Of late, however, Mr. Dobbs Broughton had become a little too rough in his language, and things had gone uncomfortably. She suspected that Conway Dalrymple was not the only cause of all this. She had an idea that Mr. Musselboro and Mrs. Van Siever had it in their power to make themselves unpleasant, and that they were exercising this power. Of his business in the City her husband never spoke to her, nor she to him. Her own fortune had been very small, some couple of thousand pounds or so, and she conceived that she had no pretext on which she could, unasked, interrogate him about his money. She had no knowledge that marriage of itself had given her the right to such interference; and had such knowledge been hers she would have had no desire to interfere. She hoped that the carriage and sham jewels would be continued to her; but she did not know how to frame any question on the subject. Touching the other difficulty,—the Conway Dalrymple difficulty,—she

had her ideas. The tenderness of her friendship had been trodden upon and outraged by the rough foot of an overbearing husband, and she was ill-used. She would obey. It was becoming to her as a wife that she should submit. She would give up Conway Dalrymple, and would induce him,—in spite of his violent attachment to herself,—to take a wife. She herself would choose a wife for him. She herself would, with suicidal hands, destroy the romance of her own life, since an overbearing, brutal husband demanded that it should be destroyed. She would sacrifice her own feelings, and do all in her power to bring Conway Dalrymple and Clara Van Siever together. If, after that, some poet did not immortalize her friendship in Byronic verse, she certainly would not get her due. Perhaps Conway Dalrymple would himself become a poet in order that this might be done properly. For it must be understood that, though she expected Conway Dalrymple to marry, she expected also that he should be Byronically wretched after his marriage on account of his love for herself.

But there was certainly something wrong over and beyond the Dalrymple difficulty. The servants were not as civil as they used to be, and her husband, when she suggested to him a little dinner-party, snubbed her most unmercifully. The giving of dinner-parties had been his glory, and she had made the suggestion simply with the view of pleasing him. "If the world were going round the wrong way, a woman would still want a party," he had said, sneering at her. "It was of you I was thinking, Dobbs," she replied; "not of myself. I care little for such gatherings." After that she retired to her own room with a romantic tear in each eye, and told herself that, had chance thrown Conway Dalrymple into her way before she had seen Dobbs Broughton, she would have been the happiest woman in the world. She sat for a while looking into vacancy, and thinking that it would be very nice to break her heart. How should she set about it? Should she take to her bed and grow thin? She would begin by eating no dinner for ever so many days together. At lunch her husband was never present, and therefore the broken heart could be displayed at dinner without much positive suffering. In the meantime she would implore Conway Dalrymple to get himself married with as little delay as possible, and she would lay upon him her positive order to restrain himself from any word of affection addressed to herself. She, at any rate, would be pure, high-minded, and self-sacrificing,—although romantic and poetic also, as was her nature.

The picture was progressing, and so also, as it had come about, was the love-affair between the artist and his model. Conway Dalrymple

had begun to think that he might, after all, do worse than make Clara Van Siever his wife. Clara Van Siever was handsome, and undoubtedly clever, and Clara Van Siever's mother was certainly rich. And, in addition to this, the young lady herself began to like the man into whose society she was thrown. The affair seemed to flourish, and Mrs. Dobbs Broughton should have been delighted. She told Clara, with a very serious air, that she was delighted, bidding Clara, at the same time, to be very cautious, as men were so fickle, and as Conway, though the best fellow in the world, was not, perhaps, altogether free from that common vice of men. Indeed, it might have been surmised, from a word or two which Mrs. Broughton allowed to escape, that she considered poor Conway to be more than ordinarily afflicted in that way. Miss Van Siever at first only pouted, and said that there was nothing in it. "There is something in it, my dear, certainly," said Mrs. Dobbs Broughton; "and there can be no earthly reason why there should not be a great deal in it." "There is nothing in it," said Miss Van Siever, impetuously; "and if you will continue to speak of Mr. Dalrymple in that way, I must give up the picture." "As for that," said Mrs. Broughton, "I conceive that we are both of us bound to the young man now, seeing that he has given so much time to the work." "I am not bound to him at all," said Miss Van Siever.

Mrs. Broughton also told Conway Dalrymple that she was delighted, —oh, so much delighted! He had obtained permission to come in one morning before the time of sitting, so that he might work at his canvas independently of his model. As was his custom, he made his own way upstairs and commenced his work alone,—having been expressly told by Mrs. Broughton that she would not come to him till she brought Clara with her. But she did go up to the room in which the artist was painting, without waiting for Miss Van Siever. Indeed, she was at this time so anxious as to the future welfare of her two young friends that she could not restrain herself from speaking either to the one or to the other, whenever any opportunity for such speech came round. To have left Conway Dalrymple at work upstairs without going to him was impossible to her. So she went, and then took the opportunity of expressing to her friend her ideas as to his past and future conduct.

"Yes, it is very good; very good, indeed," she said, standing before the easel, and looking at the half-completed work. "I do not know that you ever did anything better."

"I never can tell myself till a picture is finished whether it is going to be good or not," said Dalrymple, thinking really of his picture and of nothing else.

"I am sure this will be good," she said, "and I suppose it is because you have thrown so much heart into it. It is not mere industry that will produce good work, nor yet skill, nor even genius: more than this is required. The heart of the artist must be thrust with all its gushing tides into the performance." By this time he knew all the tones of her voice and their various meanings, and immediately became aware that at the present moment she was intent upon something beyond the picture. She was preparing for a little scene, and was going to give him some advice. He understood it all, but as he was really desirous of working at his canvas, and was rather averse to having a scene at that moment, he made a little attempt to disconcert her. "It is the heart that gives success," she said, while he was considering how he might best put an extinguisher upon her romance for the occasion.

"Not at all, Mrs. Broughton; success depends on elbow-grease."

"On what, Conway?"

"On elbow-grease,—hard work, that is,—and I must work hard now if I mean to take advantage of to-day's sitting. The truth is, I don't give enough hours of work to it." And he leaned upon his stick, and daubed away briskly at the background, and then stood for a moment looking at his canvas with his head a little on one side, as though he could not withdraw his attention for a moment from the thing he was doing."

"You mean to say, Conway, that you would rather that I should not speak to you."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Broughton, I did not mean that at all."

"I won't interrupt you at your work. What I have to say is perhaps of no great moment. Indeed, words between you and me never can have much importance now. Can they, Conway?"

"I don't see that at all," said he, still working away with his brush.

"Do you not? I do. They should never amount to more,—they can never amount to more than the common, ordinary courtesies of life; what I call the greetings and good-byings of conversation." She said this in a low, melancholy tone of voice, not intending to be in any degree jocose. "How seldom is it that conversation between ordinary friends goes beyond that."

"Don't you think it does?" said Conway, stepping back and taking another look at his picture. "I find myself talking to all manner of people about all manner of things."

"You are different from me. I cannot talk to all manner of people."

"Politics, you know, and art, and a little scandal, and the wars,

with a dozen other things, make talking easy enough, I think. I grant you this, that it is very often a great bore. Hardly a day passes that I don't wish to cut out somebody's tongue."

"Do you wish to cut out my tongue, Conway?"

He began to perceive that she was determined to talk about herself, and that there was no remedy. He dreaded it, not because he did not like the woman, but from a conviction that she was going to make some comparison between herself and Clara Van Siever. In his ordinary humour he liked a little pretence at romance, and was rather good at that sort of love-making which in truth means anything but love. But just now he was really thinking of matrimony, and had on this very morning acknowledged to himself that he had become sufficiently attached to Clara Van Siever to justify him in asking her to be his wife. In his present mood he was not anxious for one of those tilts with blunted swords and half-severed lances in the lists of Cupid of which Mrs. Dobbs Broughton was so fond. Nevertheless, if she insisted that he should now descend into the arena and go through the paraphernalia of a mock tournament, he must obey her. It is the hardship of men that when called upon by women for romance, they are bound to be romantic, whether the opportunity serves them or does not. A man must produce romance, or at least submit to it, when duly summoned, even though he should have a sore-throat or a headache. He is a brute if he decline such an encounter,—and feels that, should he so decline persistently, he will ever after be treated as a brute. There are many Potiphar's wives who never dream of any mischief, and Josephs who are very anxious to escape, though they are asked to return only whisper for whisper. Mrs. Dobbs Broughton had asked him whether he wished that her tongue should be cut out, and he had of course replied that her words had always been a joy to him,—never a trouble. It occurred to him as he made his little speech that it would only have served her right if he had answered her quite in another strain; but she was a woman, and was young and pretty, and was entitled to flattery. "They have always been a joy to me," he said, repeating his last words as he strove to continue his work.

"A deadly joy," she replied, not quite knowing what she herself meant. "A deadly joy, Conway. I wish with all my heart that we had never known each other."

"I do not. I will never wish away the happiness of my life, even should it be followed by misery."

"You are a man, and if trouble comes upon you, you can bear it on

your own shoulders. A woman suffers more, just because another's shoulders may have to bear the burden."

"When she has got a husband, you mean?"

"Yes,—when she has a husband."

"It's the same with a man when he has a wife." Hitherto the conversation had had so much of milk-and-water in its composition, that Dalrymple found himself able to keep it up and go on with his background at the same time. If she could only be kept in the same dim cloud of sentiment, if the hot rays of the sun of romance could be kept from breaking through the mist till Miss Van Siever should come, it might still be well. He had known her to wander about within the clouds for an hour together, without being able to find her way into the light. "It's all the same with a man when he has got a wife," he said. "Of course one has to suffer for two, when one, so to say, is two."

"And what happens when one has to suffer for three?" she asked.

"You mean when a woman has children?"

"I mean nothing of the kind, Conway; and you must know that I do not, unless your feelings are indeed blunted. But worldly success has, I suppose, blunted them."

"I rather fancy not," he said. "I think they are pretty nearly as sharp as ever."

"I know mine are. Oh, how I wish I could rid myself of them! But it cannot be done. Age will not blunt them,—I am sure of that," said Mrs. Broughton. "I wish it would."

He had determined not to talk about herself if the subject could be in any way avoided; but now he felt that he was driven up into a corner;—now he was forced to speak to her of her own personality. "You have no experience yet as to that. How can you say what age will do?"

"Age does not go by years," said Mrs. Dobbs Broughton. "We all know that. 'His hair was grey, but not with years.' Look here, Conway," and she moved back her tresses from off her temples to show him that there were gray hairs behind. He did not see them; and had they been very visible she might not perhaps have been so ready to exhibit them. "No one can say that length of years has blanched them. I have no secrets from you about my age. One should not be grey before one has reached thirty."

"I did not see a changed hair."

"'Twas the fault of your eyes, then, for there are plenty of them. And what is it has made them grey?"

"They say that hot rooms will do it."

"Hot rooms! No, Conway, it does not come from heated atmosphere. It comes from a cold heart, a chilled heart, a frozen heart, a heart that is all ice." She was getting out of the cloud into the heat now, and he could only hope that Miss Van Siever would come soon. "The world is beginning with you, Conway, and yet you are as old as I am. It is ending with me, and yet I am as young as you are. But I do not know why I talk of all this. It is simply folly,—utter folly. I had not meant to speak of myself; but I did wish to say a few words to you of your own future. I suppose I may still speak to you as a friend?"

"I hope you will always do that."

"Nay,—I will make no such promise. That I will always have a friend's feeling for you, a friend's interest in your welfare, a friend's triumph in your success,—that I will promise. But friendly words, Conway, are sometimes misunderstood."

"Never by me," said he.

"No, not by you,—certainly not by you. I did not mean that. I did not expect that you should misinterpret them." Then she laughed hysterically,—a little low, gurgling, hysterical laugh; and after that she wiped her eyes, and then she smiled, and then she put her hand very gently upon his shoulder. "Thank God, Conway, we are quite safe there,—are we not?"

He had made a blunder, and it was necessary that he should correct it. His watch was lying in the trough of his easel, and he looked at it and wondered why Miss Van Siever was not there. He had tripped, and he must make a little struggle and recover his step. "As I said before, it shall never be misunderstood by me. I have never been vain enough to suppose for a moment that there was any other feeling,—not for a moment. You women can be so careful, while we men are always off our guard! A man loves because he cannot help it; but a woman has been careful, and answers him—with friendship. Perhaps I am wrong to say that I never thought of winning anything more; but I never think of winning more now." Why the mischief didn't Miss Van Siever come! In another five minutes, despite himself, he would be on his knees, making a mock declaration, and she would be pouring forth the vial of her mock wrath, or giving him mock counsel as to the restraint of his passion. He had gone through it all before, and was tired of it; but for his life he did not know how to help himself.

"Conway," said she, gravely, "how dare you address me in such language?"

"Of course it is very wrong; I know that."

"I'm not speaking of myself, now. I have learned to think so little of myself, as even to be indifferent to the feeling of the injury you are doing me. My life is a blank, and I almost think that nothing can hurt me further. I have not heart left enough to break; no, not enough to be broken. It is not of myself that I am thinking, when I ask you how you dare to address me in such language. Do you not know that it is an injury to another?"

"To what other?" asked Conway Dalrymple, whose mind was becoming rather confused, and who was not quite sure whether the other one was Mr. Dobbs Broughton, or somebody else.

"To that poor girl who is coming here now, who is devoted to you, and to whom, I do not doubt, you have uttered words which ought to have made it impossible for you to speak to me as you spoke not a moment since."

Things were becoming very grave and difficult. They would have been very grave, indeed, had not some god saved him by sending Miss Van Siever to his rescue at this moment. He was beginning to think what he would say in answer to the accusation now made, when his eager ear caught the sound of her step upon the stairs; and before the pause in the conversation which the circumstances admitted had given place to the necessity for further speech, Miss Van Siever had knocked at the door and had entered the room. He was rejoiced, and I think that Mrs. Broughton did not regret the interference. It is always well that these little dangerous scenes should be brought to sudden ends. The last details of such romances, if drawn out to their natural conclusions, are apt to be uncomfortable, if not dull. She did not want him to go down on his knees, knowing that the getting up again is always awkward.

"Clara, I began to think you were never coming," said Mrs. Broughton, with her sweetest smile.

"I began to think so myself also," said Clara. "And I believe this must be the last sitting, or, at any rate, the last but one."

"Is anything the matter at home?" said Mrs. Broughton, clasping her hands together.

"Nothing very much; mamma asked me a question or two this morning, and I said I was coming here. Had she asked me why, I should have told her."

"But what did she ask? What did she say?"

"She does not always make herself very intelligible. She complains without telling you what she complains of. But she muttered

something about artists which was not complimentary, and I suppose, therefore, that she has a suspicion. She stayed ever so late this morning, and we left the house together. She will ask some direct question to-night, or before long, and then there will be an end of it."

"Let us make the best of our time then," said Dalrymple; and the sitting was arranged; Miss Van Siever went down on her knees with her hammer in her hand, and the work began. Mrs. Broughton had twisted a turban round Clara's head, as she always did on these occasions, and assisted to arrange the drapery. She used to tell herself as she did so, that she was like Isaac, piling the fagots for her own sacrifice. Only Isaac had piled them in ignorance, and she piled them conscious of the sacrificial flames. And Isaac had been saved; whereas it was impossible that the catching of any ram in any thicket could save her. But, nevertheless, she arranged the drapery with all her skill, piling the fagots ever so high for her own pyre. In the meantime Conway Dalrymple painted away, thinking more of his picture than he did of one woman or of the other.

After a while, when Mrs. Broughton had piled the fagots as high as she could pile them, she got up from her seat and prepared to leave the room. Much of the piling consisted, of course, in her own absence during a portion of these sittings. "Conway," she said, as she went, "if this is to be the last sitting, or the last but one, you should make the most of it." Then she threw upon him a very peculiar glance over the head of the kneeling Jael, and withdrew. Jael, who in those moments would be thinking more of the fatigue of her position than of anything else, did not at all take home to herself the peculiar meaning of her friend's words. Conway Dalrymple understood them thoroughly, and thought that he might as well take the advice given to him. He had made up his mind to propose to Miss Van Siever, and why should he not do so now? He went on with his brush for a couple of minutes without saying a word, working as well as he could work, and then resolved that he would at once begin the other task. "Miss Van Siever," he said, "I'm afraid you are tired?"

"Not more than usually tired. It is fatiguing to be slaying Sisera by the hour together. I do get to hate this block." The block was the dummy by which the form of Sisera was supposed to be typified.

"Another sitting will about finish it," said he, "so that you need not positively distress yourself now. Will you rest yourself for a minute or two?" He had already perceived that the attitude in which Clara was posed before him was not one in which an offer of marriage could be received and replied to with advantage.

"Thank you, I am not tired yet," said Clara, not changing the fixed glance of national wrath with which she regarded her wooden Sisera as she held her hammer on high.

"But I am. There; we will rest for a moment." Dalrymple was aware that Mrs. Dobbs Broughton, though she was very assiduous in piling her fagots, never piled them for long together. If he did not make haste she would be back upon them before he could get his word spoken. When he put down his brush, and got up from his chair, and stretched out his arm as a man does when he ceases for a moment from his work, Clara of course got up also, and seated herself. She was used to her turban and her drapery, and therefore thought not of it at all; and he also was used to it, seeing her in it two or three times a week; but now that he intended to accomplish a special purpose, the turban and the drapery seemed to be in the way. "I do so hope you will like the picture," he said, as he was thinking of this.

"I don't think I shall. But you will understand that it is natural that a girl should not like herself in such a portraiture as that."

"I don't know why. I can understand that you specially should not like the picture; but I think that most women in London in your place would at any rate say that they did."

"Are you angry with me?"

"What; for telling the truth? No, indeed." He was standing opposite to his easel, looking at the canvas, shifting his head about so as to change the lights, and observing critically this blemish and that; and yet he was all the while thinking how he had best carry out his purpose. "It will have been a prosperous picture to me," he said at last, "if it leads to the success of which I am ambitious."

"I am told that all you do is successful now,—merely because you do it. That is the worst of success."

"What is the worst of success?"

"That when won by merit it leads to further success, for the gaining of which no merit is necessary."

"I hope it may be so in my case. If it is not I shall have a very poor chance. Clara, I think you must know that I am not talking about my pictures."

"I thought you were."

"Indeed I am not. As for success in my profession, far as I am from thinking I merit it, I feel tolerably certain that I shall obtain it."

"You have obtained it."

"I am in the way to do so. Perhaps one out of ten struggling artists is successful, and for him the profession is very charming. It is

certainly a sad feeling that there is so much of chance in the distribution of the prizes. It is a lottery. But one cannot complain of that when one has drawn the prize." Dalrymple was not a man without self-possession, nor was he readily abashed, but he found it easier to talk of his possession than to make his offer. The turban was his difficulty. He had told himself over and over again within the last five minutes, that he would have long since said what he had to say had it not been for the turban. He had been painting all his life from living models, —from women dressed up in this or that costume, to suit the necessities of his picture,—but he had never made love to any of them. They had been simply models to him, and now he found that there was a difficulty. "Of that prize," he said, "I have made myself tolerably sure; but as to the other prize, I do not know. I wonder whether I am to have that." Of course Miss Van Siever understood well what was the prize of which he was speaking; and as she was a young woman with a will and purpose of her own, no doubt she was already prepared with an answer. But it was necessary that the question should be put to her in properly distinct terms. Conway Dalrymple certainly had not put his question in properly distinct terms at present. She did not choose to make any answer to his last words; and therefore simply suggested that as time was pressing he had better go on with his work. "I am quite ready now," said she.

"Stop half a moment. How much more you are thinking of the picture than I am! I do not care twopence for the picture. I will slit the canvas from top to bottom without a groan,—without a single inner groan,—if you will let me."

"For heaven's sake do nothing of the kind! Why should you?"

"Just to show you that it is not for the sake of the picture that I come here. Clara—" Then the door was opened, and Isaac appeared, very weary, having been piling fagots with assiduity, till human nature could pile no more. Conway Dalrymple, who had made his way almost up to Clara's seat, turned round sharply towards his easel, in anger at having been disturbed. He should have been more grateful for all that his Isaac had done for him, and have recognized the fact that the fault had been with himself. Mrs. Broughton had been twelve minutes out of the room. She had counted them to be fifteen,—having no doubt made a mistake as to three,—and had told herself that with such a one as Conway Dalrymple, with so much of the work ready done to his hand for him, fifteen minutes should have been amply sufficient. When we reflect what her own thoughts must have been during the interval,—what it is to have to pile up such fagots as those, how she was, as it

were, giving away a fresh morsel of her own heart during each minute that she allowed Clara and Conway Dalrymple to remain together, it cannot surprise us that her eyes should have become dizzy, and that she should not have counted the minutes with accurate correctness. Dalrymple turned to his picture angrily, but Miss Van Siever kept her seat and did not show the slightest emotion.

"My friends," said Mrs. Broughton, "this will not do. This is not working; this is not sitting."

"Mr. Dalrymple has been explaining to me the precarious nature of an artist's profession," said Clara.

"It is not precarious with him," said Mrs. Dobbs Broughton, sententiously.

"Not in a general way, perhaps; but to prove the truth of his words he was going to treat Jael worse than Jael treats Sisera."

"I was going to slit the picture from the top to the bottom."

"And why?" said Mrs. Broughton, putting up her hands to heaven in tragic horror.

"Just to show Miss Van Siever how little I care about it."

"And how little you care about her, too," said Mrs. Broughton.

"She might take that as she liked." After this there was another genuine sitting, and the real work went on as though there had been no episode. Jael fixed her face, and held her hammer as though her mind and heart were solely bent on seeming to be slaying Sisera. Dalrymple turned his eyes from the canvas to the model, and from the model to the canvas, working with his hand all the while, as though that last pathetic "Clara" had never been uttered; and Mrs. Dobbs Broughton reclined on a sofa, looking at them and thinking of her own singularly romantic position, till her mind was filled with a poetic frenzy. In one moment she resolved that she would hate Clara as woman was never hated by woman; and then there were daggers, and poison-cups, and strangling cords in her eye. In the next she was as firmly determined that she would love Mrs. Conway Dalrymple as woman never was loved by woman; and then she saw herself kneeling by a cradle, and tenderly nursing a baby, of which Conway was to be the father and Clara the mother. And so she went to sleep.

For some time Dalrymple did not observe this; but at last there was a little sound,—even the ill-nature of Miss Demolines could hardly have called it a snore,—and he became aware that for practical purposes he and Miss Van Siever were again alone together. "Clara," he said, in a whisper. Mrs. Broughton instantly aroused herself from her slumbers, and rubbed her eyes. "Dear, dear, dear," she said, "I

declare it's past one. I'm afraid I must turn you both out. One more sitting, I suppose, will finish it, Conway?"

"Yes, one more," said he. It was always understood that he and Clara should not leave the house together, and therefore he remained painting when she left the room. "And now, Conway," said Mrs. Broughton, "I suppose that all is over?"

"I don't know what you mean by all being over."

"No,—of course not. You look at it in another light, no doubt. Everything is beginning for you. But you must pardon me, for my heart is distracted,—distracted,—distracted!" Then she sat down upon the floor, and burst into tears. What was he to do? He thought that the woman should either give him up altogether, or not give him up. All this fuss about it was irrational! He would not have made love to Clara Van Siever in her room if she had not told him to do so!

"Maria," he said, in a very grave voice, "any sacrifice that is required on my part on your behalf I am ready to make."

"No, sir; the sacrifices shall all be made by me. It is the part of a woman to be ever sacrificial!" Poor Mrs. Dobbs Broughton! "You shall give up nothing. The world is at your feet, and you shall have everything,—youth, beauty, wealth, station, love,—love; and friendship also, if you will accept it from one so poor, so broken, so secluded as I shall be." At each of the last words there had been a desperate sob; and as she was still crouching in the middle of the room, looking up into Dalrymple's face while he stood over her, the scene was one which had much in it that transcended the doings of everyday life, much that would be ever memorable, and much, I have no doubt, that was thoroughly enjoyed by the principal actor. As for Conway Dalrymple, he was so second-rate a personage in the whole thing, that it mattered little whether he enjoyed it or not. I don't think he did enjoy it. "And now, Conway," she said, "I will give you some advice. And when in after-days you shall remember this interview, and reflect how that advice was given you,—with what solemnity,"—here she clasped both her hands together,—"I think that you will follow it. Clara Van Siever will now become your wife."

"I do not know that at all," said Dalrymple.

"Clara Van Siever will now become your wife," repeated Mrs. Broughton in a louder voice, impatient of opposition. "Love her. Cleave to her. Make her flesh of your flesh and bone of your bone. But rule her! Yes, rule her! Let her be your second self, but not your first self. Rule her. Love her. Cleave to her. Do not leave her alone, to feed on her own thoughts as I have done,—as I have been forced to do.

Now go. No, Conway, not a word; I will not hear a word. You must go, or I must." Then she rose quickly from her lowly attitude, and prepared herself for a dart at the door. It was better by far that he should go, and so he went.

An American when he has spent a pleasant day will tell you that he has had "a good time." I think that Mrs. Dobbs Broughton, if she had ever spoken the truth of that day's employment, would have acknowledged that she had had "a good time." I think that she enjoyed her morning's work. But as for Conway Dalrymple, I doubt whether he did enjoy his morning's work. "A man may have too much of this sort of thing, and then he becomes very sick of his cake." Such was the nature of his thoughts as he returned to his own abode.

CHAPTER LII.

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE AN "IT" FOR YOURSELF?

Of course it came to pass that Lily Dale and Emily Dunstable were soon very intimate, and that they saw each other every day. Indeed, before long they would have been living together in the same house had it not been that the squire had felt reluctant to abandon the independence of his own lodgings. When Mrs. Thorne had pressed her invitation for the second, and then for the third time, asking them both to come to her large house, he had begged his niece to go and leave him alone. "You need not regard me," he had said, speaking not with the whining voice of complaint, but with that thin tinge of melancholy which was usual to him. "I am so much alone down at Allington, that you need not mind leaving me." But Lily would not go on those terms, and therefore they still lived together in the lodgings. Nevertheless Lily was every day at Mrs. Thorne's house, and thus a great intimacy grew up between the girls. Emily Dunstable had neither brother nor sister, and Lily's nearest male relative in her own degree was now Miss Dunstable's betrothed husband. It was natural therefore that they should at any rate try to like each other. It afterwards came to pass that Lily did go to Mrs. Thorne's house, and she stayed there for awhile; but when that occurred the squire had gone back to Allington.

Among other generous kindnesses Mrs. Thorne insisted that Bernard should hire a horse for his cousin Lily. Emily Dunstable rode daily, and of course Captain Dale rode with her;—and now Lily joined the

party. Almost before she knew what was being done she found herself provided with hat and habit and horse and whip. It was a way with Mrs. Thorne that they who came within the influence of her immediate sphere should be made to feel that the comforts and luxuries arising from her wealth belonged to a common stock, and were the joint property of them all. Things were not offered and taken and talked about, but they made their appearance, and were used as a matter of course. If you go to stay at a gentleman's house you understand that, as a matter of course, you will be provided with meat and drink. Some hosts furnish you also with cigars. A small number give you stabling and forage for your horse; and a very select few mount you on hunting days, and send you out with a groom and a second horse. Mrs. Thorne went beyond all others in this open-handed hospitality. She had enormous wealth at her command, and had but few of those all-absorbing drains upon wealth which in this country make so many rich men poor. She had no family property,—no place to keep up in which she did not live. She had no retainers to be maintained because they were retainers. She had neither sons nor daughters. Consequently she was able to be lavish in her generosity; and as her heart was very lavish, she would have given her friends gold to eat had gold been good for eating. Indeed there was no measure in her giving,—unless when the idea came upon her that the recipient of her favours was trading on them. Then she could hold her hand very stoutly.

Lily Dale had not liked the idea of being fitted out thus expensively. A box at the opera was all very well, as it was not procured especially for her. And tickets for other theatres did not seem to come unnaturally for a night or two. But her spirit had militated against the hat and the habit and the horse. The whip was a little present from Emily Dunstable, and that of course was accepted with a good grace. Then there came the horse,—as though from the heavens; there seemed to be ten horses, twenty horses, if anybody needed them. All these things seemed to flow naturally into Mrs. Thorne's establishment, like air through the windows. It was very pleasant, but Lily hesitated when she was told that a habit was to be given to her. "My dear old aunt insists," said Emily Dunstable. "Nobody ever thinks of refusing anything from her. If you only knew what some people will take, and some people will even ask, who have nothing to do with her at all!" "But I have nothing to do with her,—in that way I mean," said Lily. "Oh, yes, you have," said Emily. "You and Bernard are as good as brother and sister, and Bernard and I are as good as man and wife, and my aunt and I are as good as mother and daughter. So you see, in a sort

of a way you are a child of the house." So Lily accepted the habit; but made a stand at the hat, and paid for that out of her own pocket. When the squire had seen Lily on horseback he asked her questions about it. "It was a hired horse, I suppose?" he said. "I think it came direct from heaven," said Lily. "What do you mean, Lily?" said the squire, angrily. "I mean that when people are so rich and good-natured as Mrs. Thorne it is no good inquiring where things come from. All that I know is that the horses come out of Potts' livery-stable. They talk of Potts as if he were a good-natured man who provides horses for the world without troubling anybody." Then the squire spoke to Bernard about it, saying that he should insist on defraying his niece's expenses. But Bernard swore that he could give his uncle no assistance. "I would not speak to her about such a thing for all the world," said Bernard. "Then I shall," said the squire.

In those days Lily thought much of Johnny Eames,—gave to him perhaps more of that thought which leads to love than she had ever given him before. She still heard the Crawley question discussed every day. Mrs. Thorne, as we all know, was at this time a Barsetshire personage, and was of course interested in Barsetshire subjects; and she was specially anxious in the matter, having strong hopes with reference to the marriage of Major Grantly and Grace, and strong hopes also that Grace's father might escape the fangs of justice. The Crawley case was constantly in Lily's ears, and as constantly she heard high praise awarded to Johnny for his kindness in going after the Arabins. "He must be a fine young fellow," said Mrs. Thorne, "and we'll have him down at Chaldicotes some day. Old Lord De Guest found him out and made a friend of him, and old Lord De Guest was no fool." Lily was not altogether free from a suspicion that Mrs. Thorne knew the story of Johnny's love and was trying to serve Johnny,—as other people had tried to do, very ineffectually. When this suspicion came upon her she would shut her heart against her lover's praises, and swear that she would stand by those two letters which she had written in her book at home. But the suspicion would not be always there, and there did come upon her a conviction that her lover was more esteemed among men and women than she had been accustomed to believe. Her cousin, Bernard Dale, who certainly was regarded in the world as somebody, spoke of him as his equal; whereas in former days Bernard had always regarded Johnny Eames as standing low in the world's regard. Then Lily, when alone, would remember a certain comparison which she once made between Adolphus Crosbie and John Eames, when neither of the men had as yet pleaded his cause to her,

and which had been very much in favour of the former. She had then declared that Johnny was a "mere clerk." She had a higher opinion of him now,—a much higher opinion, even though he could never be more to her than a friend.

In these days Lily's new ally, Emily Dunstable, seemed to Lily to be so happy! There was in Emily a complete realization of that idea of ante-nuptial blessedness of which Lily had often thought so much. Whatever Emily did she did for Bernard; and, to give Captain Dale his due, he received all the sweets which were showered upon him with becoming signs of gratitude. I suppose it is always the case at such times that the girl has the best of it, and on this occasion Emily Dunstable certainly made the most of her happiness. "I do envy you," Lily said one day. The acknowledgment seemed to have been extorted from her involuntarily. She did not laugh as she spoke, or follow up what she had said with other words intended to take away the joke of what she had uttered,—had it been a joke; but she sat silent, looking at the girl who was re-arranging flowers which Bernard had brought to her.

"I can't give him up to you, you know," said Emily.

"I don't envy you him, but 'it,'" said Lily.

"Then go and get an 'it' for yourself. Why don't you have an 'it' for yourself? You can have an 'it' to-morrow, if you like,—or two or three, if all that I hear is true."

"No, I can't," said Lily. "Things have gone wrong with me. Don't ask me anything more about it. Pray don't. I shan't speak of it if you do."

"Of course I will not if you tell me I must not."

"I do tell you so. I have been a fool to say anything about it. However, I have got over my envy now, and am ready to go out with your aunt. Here she is."

"Things have gone wrong with me." She repeated the same words to herself over and over again. With all the efforts which she had made she could not quite reconcile herself to the two letters which she had written in the book. This coming up to London, and riding in the Park, and going to the theatres, seemed to unsettle her. At home she had schooled herself down into quiescence, and made herself think that she believed that she was satisfied with the prospects of her life. But now she was all astray again, doubting about herself, hankering after something over and beyond that which seemed to be allotted to her,—but, nevertheless, assuring herself that she never would accept of anything else.

I must not, if I can help it, let the reader suppose that she was softening her heart to John Eames because John Eames was spoken well of in the world. But with all of us, in the opinion which we form of those around us, we take unconsciously the opinion of others. A woman is handsome because the world says so. Music is charming to us because it charms others. We drink our wines with other men's palates, and look at our pictures with other men's eyes. When Lily heard John Eames praised by all around her, it could not be but that she should praise him too,—not out loud, as others did, but in the silence of her heart. And then his constancy to her had been so perfect! If that other one had never come! If it could be that she might begin again, and that she might be spared that episode in her life which had brought him and her together!

"When is Mr. Eames going to be back?" Mrs. Thorne said at dinner one day. On this occasion the squire was dining at Mrs. Thorne's house; and there were three or four others there,—among them a Mr. Harold Smith, who was in Parliament, and his wife, and John Eames's especial friend, Sir Raffle Buffle. The question was addressed to the squire, but the squire was slow to answer, and it was taken up by Sir Raffle Buffle.

"He'll be back on the 15th," said the knight, "unless he means to play truant. I hope he won't do that, as his absence has been a terrible inconvenience to me." Then Sir Raffle explained that John Eames was his private secretary, and that Johnny's journey to the Continent had been made with, and could not have been made without, his sanction. "When I came to hear the story, of course I told him that he must go. 'Eames,' I said, 'take the advice of a man who knows the world. Circumstanced as you are, you are bound to go.' And he went."

"Upon my word that was very good-natured of you," said Mrs. Thorne.

"I never keep a fellow to his desk who has really got important business elsewhere," said Sir Raffle. "The country, I say, can afford to do as much as that for her servants. But then I like to know that the business is business. One doesn't choose to be humbugged."

'I daresay you are humbugged, as you call it, very often," said Harold Smith.

"Perhaps so; perhaps I am; perhaps that is the opinion which they have of me at the Treasury. But you were hardly long enough there, Smith, to have learned much about it, I should say."

"I don't suppose I should have known much about it, as you call it, if I had stayed till Doomsday."

"I daresay not; I daresay not. Men who begin as late as you did never know what official life really means. Now I've been at it all my life, and I think I do understand it."

"It's not a profession I should like unless where it's joined with politics," said Harold Smith.

"But then it's apt to be so short," said Sir Raffle Buffle. Now it had happened once in the life of Mr. Harold Smith that he had been in a Ministry, but, unfortunately, that Ministry had gone out almost within a week of the time of Mr. Smith's adhesion. Sir Raffle and Mr. Smith had known each other for many years, and were accustomed to make civil little speeches to each other in society.

"I'd sooner be a horse in a mill than have to go to an office every day," said Mrs. Smith, coming to her husband's assistance. "You, Sir Raffle, have kept yourself fresh and pleasant through it all; but who besides you ever did?"

"I hope I am fresh," said Sir Raffle; "and as for pleasantness, I will leave that for you to determine."

"There can be but one opinion," said Mrs. Thorne.

The conversation had strayed away from John Eames, and Lily was disappointed. It was a pleasure to her when people talked of him in her hearing, and as a question or two had been asked about him, making him the hero of the moment, it seemed to her that he was being robbed of his due when the little amenities between Mr. and Mrs. Harold Smith and Sir Raffle banished his name from the circle. Nothing more, however, was said of him at dinner, and I fear that he would have been altogether forgotten throughout the evening, had not Lily herself referred, —not to him, which she could not possibly have been induced to do,— but to the subject of his journey. "I wonder whether poor Mr. Crawley will be found guilty?" she said to Sir Raffle up in the drawing-room.

"I am afraid he will; I am afraid he will," said Sir Raffle; "and I fear, my dear Miss Dale, that I must go further than that. I fear I must express an opinion that he is guilty."

"Nothing will ever make me think so," said Lily.

"Ladies are always tender-hearted," said Sir Raffle, "and especially young ladies,—and especially pretty young ladies. I do not wonder that such should be your opinion. But you see, Miss Dale, a man of business has to look at these things in a business light. What I want to know is, where did he get the cheque? He is bound to be explicit in answering that before anybody can acquit him."

"That is just what Mr. Eames has gone abroad to learn."

"It is very well for Eames to go abroad,—though, upon my word, I don't know whether I should not have given him different advice if I had known how much I was to be tormented by his absence. The thing couldn't have happened at a more unfortunate time;—the Ministry going out, and everything. But, as I was saying, it is all very well for him to do what he can. He is related to them, and is bound to save the honour of his relations if it be possible. I like him for going. I always liked him. As I said to my friend De Guest, 'That young man will make his way.' And I rather fancy that the chance word which I spoke then to my valued old friend was not thrown away in Eames's favour. But, my dear Miss Dale, where did Mr. Crawley get that cheque? That's what I want to know. If you can tell me that, then I can tell you whether or no he will be acquitted."

Lily did not feel a strong prepossession in favour of Sir Raffle, in spite of his praise of John Eames. The harsh voice of the man annoyed her, and his egotism offended her. When, much later in the evening, his character came on for discussion between herself and Mrs. Thorne and Emily Dunstable, she had not a word to say in his favour. But still she had been pleased to meet him, because he was the man with whom Johnny's life was most specially concerned. I think that a portion of her dislike to him arose from the fact that in continuing the conversation he did not revert to his private secretary, but preferred to regale her with stories of his own doings in wonderful cases which had partaken of interest similar to that which now attached itself to Mr. Crawley's case. He had known a man who had stolen a hundred pounds, and had never been found out; and another man who had been arrested for stealing two-and-sixpence which was found afterwards sticking to a bit of butter at the bottom of a plate. Mrs. Thorne had heard all this, and had answered him, "Dear me, Sir Raffle," she had said, "what a great many thieves you have had among your acquaintance!" This had rather disconcerted him, and then there had been no more talking about Mr. Crawley.

It had been arranged on this morning that Mr. Dale should return to Allington and leave Lily with Mrs. Thorne. Some special need of his presence at home, real or assumed, had arisen, and he had declared that he must shorten his stay in London by about half the intended period. The need would not have been so pressing, probably, had he not felt that Lily would be more comfortable with Mrs. Thorne than in his lodgings in Sackville Street. Lily had at first declared that she would return with him, but everybody had protested against this.

Emily Dunstable had protested against it very stoutly; Mrs. Dale herself had protested against it by letter; and Mrs. Thorne's protest had been quite imperious in its nature. "Indeed, my dear, you'll do nothing of the kind. I'm sure your mother wouldn't wish it. I look upon it as quite essential that you and Emily should learn to know each other." "But we do know each other; don't we, Emily?" said Lily. "Not quite well yet," said Emily. Then Lily had laughed, and so the matter was settled. And now, on this present occasion, Mr. Dale was at Mrs. Thorne's house for the last time. His conscience had been perplexed about Lily's horse, and if anything was to be said it must be said now. The subject was very disagreeable to him, and he was angry with Bernard because Bernard had declined to manage it for him after his own fashion. But he had told himself so often that anything was better than a pecuniary obligation, that he was determined to speak his mind to Mrs. Thorne, and to beg her to allow him to have his way. So he waited till the Harold Smiths were gone, and Sir Raffle Buffle, and then, when Lily was apart with Emily,—for Bernard Dale had left them,—he found himself at last alone with Mrs. Thorne.

"I can't be too much obliged to you," he said, "for your kindness to my girl."

"Oh, laws, that's nothing," said Mrs. Thorne. "We look on her as one of us now."

"I'm sure she is grateful,—very grateful; and so am I. She and Bernard have been brought up so much together that it is very desirable that she should be not unknown to Bernard's wife."

"Exactly,—that's just what I mean. Blood's thicker than water; isn't it? Emily's child, if she has one, will be Lily's cousin."

"Her first-cousin once removed," said the squire, who was accurate in these matters. Then he drew himself up in his seat and compressed his lips together, and prepared himself for his task. It was very disagreeable. Nothing, he thought, could be more disagreeable. "I have a little thing to speak about," he said at last, "which I hope will not offend you."

"About Lily?"

"Yes; about Lily."

"I'm not very easily offended, and I don't know how I could possibly be offended about her."

"I'm an old-fashioned man, Mrs. Thorne, and don't know much about the ways of the world. I have always been down in the country, and maybe I have prejudices. You won't refuse to humour one of them, I hope?"

"You're beginning to frighten me, Mr. Dale; what is it?"

"About Lily's horse."

"Lily's horse! What about her horse? I hope he's not vicious?"

"She is riding every day with your niece," said the squire, thinking it best to stick to his own point.

"It will do her all the good in the world," said Mrs. Thorne.

"Very likely. I don't doubt it. I do not in the least disapprove her riding. But——"

"But what, Mr. Dale?"

"I should be so much obliged if I might be allowed to pay the livery-stable keeper's bill."

"Oh, laws a' mercy."

"I daresay it may sound odd, but as I have a fancy about it, I'm sure you'll gratify me."

"Of course I will. I'll remember it. I'll make it all right with Bernard. Bernard and I have no end of accounts,—or shall have before long,—and we'll make an item of it. Then you can arrange with Bernard afterwards."

Mr. Dale as he got up to go away felt that he was beaten, but he did not know how to carry the battle any further on that occasion. He could not take out his purse and put down the cost of the horse on the table. "I will then speak to my nephew about it," he said, very gravely, as he went away. And he did speak to his nephew about it, and even wrote to him more than once. But it was all to no purpose. Mr. Potts could not be induced to give a separate bill, and,—so said Bernard,—swore at last that he would furnish no account to anybody for horses that went to Mrs. Thorne's door except to Mrs. Thorne herself.

That night Lily took leave of her uncle and remained at Mrs. Thorne's house. As things were now arranged she would, no doubt, be in London when John Eames returned. If he should find her in town—and she told herself that if she was in town he certainly would find her,—he would, doubtless, repeat to her the offer he had so often made before. She never ventured to tell herself that she doubted as to the answer to be made to him. The two letters were written in the book, and must remain there. But she felt that she would have had more courage for persistency down at Allington than she would be able to summon to her assistance up in London. She knew she would be weak, should she be found by him alone in Mrs. Thorne's drawing-room. It would be better for her to make some excuse and go home. She was resolved that she would not become his wife. She could not extricate herself

from the dominion of a feeling which she believed to be love for another man. She had given a solemn promise both to her mother and to John Eames that she would not marry that other man; but in doing so she had made a solemn promise to herself that she would not marry John Eames. She had sworn it and would keep her oath. And yet she regretted it! In writing home to her mother the next day, she told Mrs. Dale that all the world was speaking well of John Eames,—that John had won for himself a reputation of his own, and was known far and wide to be a noble fellow. She could not keep herself from praising John Eames, though she knew that such praise might, and would, be used against her at some future time. "Though I cannot love him I will give him his due," she said to herself.

"I wish you would make up your mind to have an 'it' for yourself," Emily Dunstable said to her again that night; "a nice 'it,' so that I could make a friend, perhaps a brother, of him."

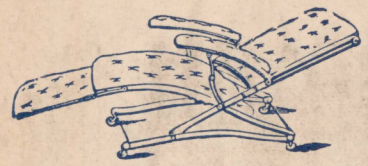
"I shall never have an 'it,' if I live to be a hundred," said Lily Dale.

Since the Fire in Leicester Square, the business carried on as usual at No. 12, Leicester Place, until the new premises are built.

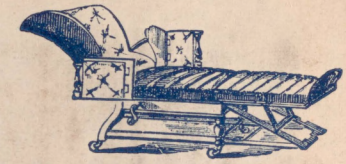
BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT
AND BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY
AND THE ROYAL FAMILY
THE EMPRESSES OF RUSSIA & FRANCE &c. &c.

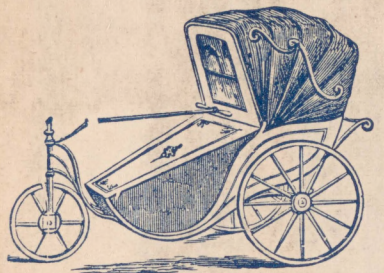
JOHN WARD

5, & 6, LEICESTER-SQUARE, LONDON.

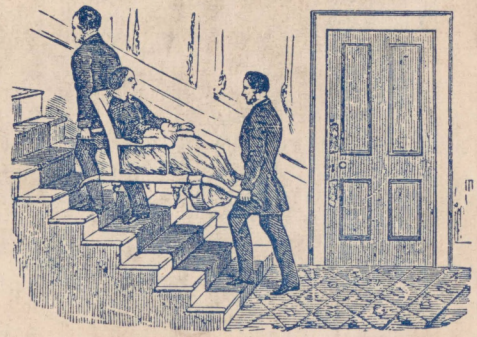


12

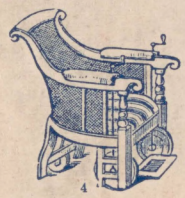




19

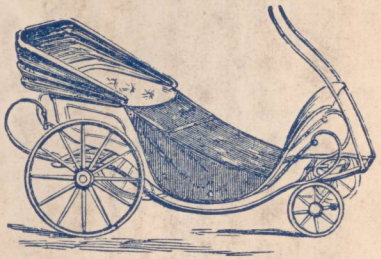


14



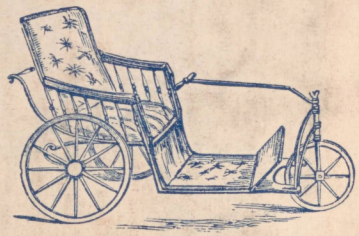
4

9



17

10



21

No. 12. Sketch of Ward's Patent Albert Lounging Chair, the most simple and luxurious extant is fitted for the drawing-room, boudoir, cabin, or camp, is made in wood, iron or brass, and folds into a small compass for shipment. Price from 4½ guineas.

No. 19. A Victoria Three-wheel Bath Chair, with leather head, folding German shutter and patent spring front iron, to which shafts for a pony may be attached.

No. 10 is Earl's general Invalid Couch, made with or without a convenience; it adjusts the back seat and legs to any given position, by means of machinery; and is recommended by the Faculty as being the most complete bed ever made for confirmed invalids or for fractured limbs.

No. 11 is Ward's improved Recumbent Chair with double rising leg rest and shifting elbows, to enable an invalid to be shifted on and off with perfect ease.

Nos. 3 and 4 are self-propelling Chairs, one mounted upon engine-cut cogwheels, the other with 24-inch rim wheels outside: either may be used by a child eight years of age with the greatest ease.

No. 17 is a four-wheel Victoria Pleasure Ground Chair, mounted in a very light iron framed carriage, upon C and patent India-rubber springs, is either drawn by hand or animal, and is the most elegant and easiest chair made.

No. 21. A very light and easy three-wheel Bath Chair, to be drawn by hand. Price from 12 guineas.

No. 14 is the simplest and best constructed chair for carrying invalids up or down stairs, the lower handles for level ground, the upper ones for ascending or descending a staircase. The sketch conveys the exact idea; it is also made portable for travelling. Several other kinds are always in stock upon various principles.

N.B.—The largest assortment in the world of Invalids' Chairs, Carriages and Beds always on hand for sale or hire. Established more than a century.